

I N F A N C Y.

A

P O E M.

BOOK THE SECOND.

INTERNATIONAL

OFFICE

NEW YORK

OF THE

BOOK

OF THE

LIBRARY

OF THE

2\*

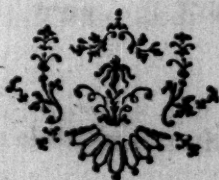
I N F A N C Y.

A

P O E M.

BOOK THE SECOND.

By HUGH DOWNMAN, M.D.



---

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLY, No. 46, in FLEET-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXV.

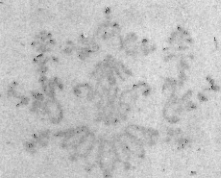


INTERNATIONAL

OF THE

BOOK THE SECOND

BY HUGH DOWNMAN M.D.





---

---

# I N F A N C Y.

## P O E M.

---

### BOOK THE SECOND.

**A**RE there with pride elate, who cast a glance  
Of supercilious scorn on strains like these,

Stiling them low! While sweet Humanity

Attentive listens, vain the Cynic sneer,

Or Cynic frown. She, her warm cheek suffused

With blushes sprung from conscious honour, owns

She thinks no task too mean, no work too low,

Whose end is public good; would save a life

B

Rather

Rather than wear a crown ; and sooner give  
 One ornament to grace the Common-weal, 10  
 Than purchase a whole empory of wit.  
 Come modest Dame, and o'er my numbers meek  
 Bear sway ; come with Simplicity, who hates  
 The swelling phrase bombast, th' insipid term  
 Pompously introduced, as Painters vile  
 Daub o'er with glaring colours forms uncouth,  
 Dazzling the eye : She too shall bid the train  
 Of haughty Ignorance (for 'tis the curse  
 Of Pride to be with Ignorance conjoin'd)  
 Keep far aloof, nor read the hallow'd lay, 20

YET not alone to Women do We write,  
 The Nurse or Mother, Subjects such as these  
 Oft have the Sages Old of Greece or Rome  
 In studious mood employ'd ; full well they knew  
 That from the birth those Heroes must be form'd,  
 Whom Athens might with future joy admire  
 Or hardy Sparta : Heroes who might urge  
 To their sublimest pitch the rights of Men,

Brave



Brave every danger for their Country's cause,  
 And make the Persian tremble tho' inclosed 30  
 By countless Millions : Heroes who might act  
 Deeds which the Gracchi would not blush to own,  
 Or Scipio, bravest, noblest of Mankind.  
 Themes such as these employ'd the generous soul  
 Of Locke, when with the patriot spirit fired  
 Of Plato or Lycurgus, He assay'd  
 The manly task, from Custom's harpy claws,  
 And the soft lap of Luxury, to snatch  
 The Babe doom'd to enervate Idleness,  
 Or sickly Languor ; to implant his Mind 40  
 In vigorous organs, Its impulsive will  
 Apt to perform, and run with ease and strength  
 The great and difficult career of life ;  
 Desirous to behold our British Youth  
 Out-rival antient fame. Come then Ye Sires  
 Whom love of Offspring, or of Country sways,  
 Think not these strains, think not the Nursery's care  
 Beneath your notice ; truest Wisdom calls,  
 And deep Philosophy. O, aid the toil



Of a fond Mother, with your reason guide  
 Her gentler faculties ; invigorate  
 Her virtuous weakness ; to your well-known voice  
 She will, she cannot but with pleasure yield,  
 And follow precepts sanctified by You.

WHAT Aliment the tender Babe requires,  
 How best sustain'd, the Muse proceeds to sing.  
 To Nature then attend : She hath prepared  
 No food but Milk alone, and if it flows  
 In plenteous rills, abundant is the store.  
 Thus fed, the Lambkins round their bleating Dam  
 Sport frolicksome ; the labouring Ox who turns  
 Patient all day the stubborn glebe, by this  
 Nourish'd at first, his present strength acquired.  
 And will thy Infant think't thou starve, supply'd  
 With this Nepenthe ? Rather He will gain  
 New vigour every hour, and healthful smile  
 Tho' Sickneſs ſcours around. Yet ſome there are  
 Who cram from morn to noon, from noon to eve,  
 Nay through the hours of Night, the ſuffering Child

With

With various cates, heedless of Nature's lore, 70  
 Cruelly kind, unknowing that they thus  
 Fatten a Victim for the hungry grave.  
 For from repletion every ill severe  
 Which threatens Childhood, arm'd with double force  
 Invades the delicate frame. How oft 'twere fit  
 The Suckling should imbibe the milky stream  
 From the first dawn of morning, till the Sun  
 Sets in the west, experience must evince.  
 All do not feed alike, some greedily  
 Drain at a meal the lacteal beverage, 80  
 Others more nice require the frequent treat.

YET when Night spreads her mantle o'er the Globe,  
 And leads on Sleep and Silence, it is meet  
 T' obey her mandate; rest thy careful head  
 O Mother, let thy tender Nurseling rest.  
 Why wilt Thou anxious to thyself create  
 Unnecessary pain? At Evening close  
 Forth from her lair starts the fell Lioness,  
 And thro' the gloomy desert urges on

Eager



Eager for prey her rapid step, She leaves 90  
 Her sleeping Young One, nor expects He food  
 Till She returns with the grey beam of Morn.  
 Yet this is He who shall hereafter reign  
 Lord of the forest, and with kingly voice  
 Appall his listening subjects. But thy heart  
 Is soft, and cannot bear thy Infant's cries.  
 O Heaven forbid that I should with thy breast  
 Steel'd to his real misery ! But these  
 Are cries which evil custom hath begot,  
 And blind indulgence ; Unalarm'd sustain 100  
 A few short trials, bear unmov'd the shock  
 At first ; indulg'd not, He will fret no more.  
 Believe Me, not from hunger, not from pain  
 These wailings spring ; easy it is to mark  
 The difference 'twixt the agonizing shriek  
 Of pain, and sobs like these. To crown thy Child  
 With health, some little violence endure :  
 Nor to the dictates plain of candid Truth  
 Thy antient Nurse's doating saws prefer.



THE Stomach ever full, is ever weak : 110  
 But from refreshing sleep and abstinence  
 Digestion thrives, and kindliest nutriment  
 Th' absorbent veins inhale, wherewith the warm  
 And plastic arteries by due degrees  
 Upbuild the human fabric ; or by which  
 Each slender thread and fibre is evolved,  
 Gaining mysteriously their destined bulk  
 And firm elastic motion. Robb'd of sleep  
 The Warrior droops his head, and longs no more  
 To plunge amid the fight : The Rustic faints, 120  
 Vigorous e'erwhile, nor strains his finewy arms  
 Holding the plough, but nerveless and unmann'd  
 Presses his homely pallat, sending forth  
 Vain wishes to the Power who from him flies.  
 And can the gentle frame of Woman bear  
 Constant disturbance and unrest ? Her strength  
 Melts down apace, the bloom forfakes her cheeks,  
 A peevish listlessness succeeds, She pines,  
 And over-sedulous is now unfit  
 To fill that office which She most desires. 130

Would'st Thou thy Child to pass the hours of night  
 Wrapt in Sleep's downy plumage banish far  
 The lazy cradle, useless but to give  
 Ease to the indolent attendant race,  
 Who fain would batten in perpetual sloth,  
 Who shrink at slightest toil, and ill deserve  
 The viands they devour. At first indeed,  
 During the circuit of a moon or twain  
 'Tis fit thy Charge should only eat and sleep;  
 Nature demands it. Afterward contract  
 The hours of sleep by day, and in the arms  
 Of carefulness let exercise divert  
 The lively Infant; chiefly when his eye  
 Now looks around unknowing what He sees,  
 Now when He springs, and spreads his little arms,  
 And smiles, and utters sounds which strike thine ear  
 With wondrous pleasure. Tho' We now permit  
 Some added food, its quality regard,  
 As of important consequence. We praise  
 Above the rest the farinaceous tribe,  
 Bread well-fermented, unadulterate

With

With deleterious Alum, this with Milk  
 And with the limpid Element decoct.  
 Yet always mindful of the golden mean,  
 Be even this with moderation used,  
 Nor ever glut the stomach till it loathes,  
 And the superfluous aliment rejects.  
 The wrinkled Sibyl laugh to scorn, and all  
 Her dreams fallacious, when pronouncing this  
 A sign of health. Nature indeed is kind, 160  
 And various her attempts t' evacuate  
 What would be noxious, and 'tis well thy Child  
 Hath still sufficing strength. But He, poor Babe,  
 Had He but sense to guide his appetite,  
 Would shun this consequence of mere excess,  
 No proof of health, disgusting to the eye.

We blame thee not for yielding to the voice  
 Of Error; if beneath the solemn garb  
 Of old Experience hid, and self-convinced,  
 Not meaning to deceive, how should thy young 170  
 Untutor'd mind resist her lore? But when



Truth meets thy sight, and pointing shews the way  
 To Nature's bower, thy blind Associate quit,  
 Enter the hallow'd shade, converse with her  
 Pure Nymph, peruse her lineaments divine,  
 And to her voice impartial ope thy heart.

It is not strange that Prejudice should gain  
 Access to thy soft bosom. Who can boast  
 His freedom? Wide and potent is her sway.  
 No Fiend in stronger bonds hath held confined 180  
 The groaning nations. In Cimmerian cave  
 Where light ne'er penetrates, but Darkness sits  
 In fixt essential majesty enthroned,  
 Unconscious Sloth by Ignorance compress'd  
 Brought forth this Monster. To the haunts of Men  
 Taking her way, the stars grew pale; her wings  
 She spread incumbent o'er the subject World,  
 Nor suffer'd Men to view what slender bounds  
 Divided them from Brutes; in torpid state  
 Plung'd deep, they lay supine for many an age, 190  
 Till Ægypt first rebell'd: Mother of Arts,

And

And boasted fount of Wisdom. Yet, tho' bold  
 Th' adventure, She to burst the galling chain  
 Strove unsuccessful. Mid the twilight groves  
 Of sacred Memphis, on the banks of Nile,  
 Prolific, wondrous stream, or round the walls  
 Of hundred-gated Thebes, in closest league  
 With Superstition dwelt the odious Pest,  
 And underneath her Hieroglyphic Veil  
 Falsehood and Truth commingled. Nor in Greece 200  
 Reign'd She less absolute; Her Sages hence  
 Built their fallacious Systems, airy Shades,  
 And Phantoms of the brain; with wordy war  
 Fought in defence Each of his waking dream,  
 And suffer'd Truth with Socrates t' expire.

How long beneath her power did Europe bend!  
 Prompted by her, Ambition Eagle-wing'd  
 Taught antient Rome, amid the lust of sway,  
 Intent on crimson conquest, to neglect  
 Humanity and Virtue; till the pile 210  
 By Valour rear'd, fell from its giddy height,

Shatter'd within by Luxury, without  
 Affail'd by Savage Fierceneſs. Then what depth  
 Of native gloom, of thick-incircling night,  
 Witneſs'd her preſence ! Every Art was loſt,  
 Each effort of the Mind ; or elſe funk low  
 Crouch'd to the yoke ; while o'er the puzzled Schools  
 Exalted, ſhook his worſe than iron rod  
 The Tyrant Stagyrice ; and Phyſic awed  
 By Galen's fullen Genius dared not heal. 220  
 Each lovelier Grace, each Elegance unknown,  
 Each genuine Ornament, till Leo came.  
 Philoſophy extinct, till Bacon roſe  
 The Morning Star of Science, by whoſe beams  
 Transpierc'd, as erſt the fabled Python fell,  
 Lay vanquiſh'd huge Authority. Then firſt  
 Experiment with radiant lamp diſcloſed  
 The ſtores of bigot Time, and taught with nice  
 Laborious hand from each fictitious gem  
 To ſeparate the true. Hence day by day 230  
 The rigid ſhackles fall ſelf-looſed, or brace  
 Mankind leſs ſtrictly ; We for Nature's laws



Read Nature only ; Wisdom smiles serene  
 With freedom blest'd, and Fools alone are Slaves.

AND say wilt Thou in this enlightened Age  
 O Mother, single stand, and lend thine ear  
 To hoar and quaint Tradition ? Wilt thou treat  
 Thy Child by their opinion, whose advice  
 Thou would'st not follow in one act beside ?  
 Judge by thyself. What languor, what fatigue  
 Attends the fuller meal ! What dire effects,  
 What tumults oft from the crude surfeit rise !  
 And why is Reason thine, if not with care  
 To govern Him whose yet unripen'd frame  
 Of sense is vacant ? Tho' with greater ease  
 His stomach may the superplus expell  
 Than older Gluttony, yet Caution dreads  
 Events unfortunate, the nerves convulsed,  
 Fever, and each ill Symptom which attends  
 The growing teeth. Unskill'd to curb himself,  
 His appetite guide Thou : thus simply fed,  
 Each meal affording what may satisfy,

240

250

Not

Not burthen Nature, on thy happy Child  
 Hygeia shall with eye propitious look.  
 His shall be comely vigour, winning smiles,  
 Freedom from pain, protection from disease,  
 And stamina well-knit to undergo  
 Each future change of ever-varying life,  
 Each toil, each danger, nay perhaps a Base,  
 On which hereafter may be firmly rear'd  
 Each virtue, social, public, warm, refined,  
 Each intellectual, moral excellence.

260

For though the Child of weaker nerves may seem  
 With quickest parts endow'd, yet should He rise  
 Through numerous perils to the height of Man,  
 Oppress'd with listless torpor, how can He  
 Brave the meridian ray of public life?  
 Reflecting on Himself, how shall his mind  
 Expand t'ward others' feelings? Nay too oft  
 These blossoms immature of sense, on which  
 We gaze with pleasure and astonishment,  
 Spontaneous from the blighted stalk descend,

270

Or



Or yield harsh tasteless fruit. This stroke severe  
 Thou shalt avoid more rationally kind,  
 Thou wilt not gorge thy Child ; and all night long  
 He sleeps serene, an interval of rest,  
 In which the stomach clear'd of every load  
 Fortuitous, its healthful state preserves.  
 He wakes alert, prompted by hunger keen  
 T' imbibe the draught nutritious. Thee too Sleep 280  
 Hath charm'd with opiate rod ; no froward cries,  
 No tortures of thy Infant, caused by crude,  
 Unwholsome, or accumulated fare,  
 Have broke thy tranquil slumbers. Thou too see'st  
 Placid the break of morn, and to thy Babe  
 The well-secreted, copious aliment  
 Prepar'd to give ; which, sad anxiety  
 And restless hours (in Her who idly fond  
 And painfully solicitous hath watch'd  
 The night for other purposes design'd) 290  
 Rob of its balmy essence, else derived  
 Sprightly and plenteous from the genial chyle,  
 A weak, thin, vapid, unsubstantial juice ;

Whence

Whence to the tender organs of her Babe  
 A morbid irritation, which destroys  
 Their natural, and necessary tone,  
 Till haply dire disease, or death ensues.

Is there a stronger principle infix'd  
 In Human Nature, than the zealous warmth  
 A Mother t'ward her Infant feels? Yet thin 300  
 Is the barrier dividing right from wrong,  
 Virtue from Vice. The noblest qualities  
 Indulged t'excess, a different hue assume,  
 No longer noble. Courage may be changed  
 To brutal force; to Prodigality  
 The generous sentiment; to Licence rude  
 Freedom's bright flame; and tender Nuptial Love  
 To mean Uxoriousness. What finer joys  
 Inspire the Soul more exquisitely form'd,  
 By vulgar minds unheeded! But beware 310  
 Left Sensibility itself, uncheck'd,  
 Extinguish its delights; left Pity bleed  
 At every pore, intolerable smart  
 Enduring;



Enduring ; left the softer Passion urge  
 If unsuccessful, to the wan abode  
 Of Madness or Despair ; left Taste exact  
 Turn to fastidious Niceness, coveting  
 With vain desire among the works of Men  
 To find perfection. Thou too curb thy zeal  
 O Mother, that impulsive ardour rule, 320  
 That love inordinate, which urges on  
 To weakness, and perverts to criminal  
 The sweetest, best emotions of thy soul.

WHENCE is this nameless Energy ? this power  
 So forcibly attractive ? who entwined  
 Its subtle threads ? and round the willing heart  
 Braced firm the cord mysterious ? Who, but He !  
 The prime Intelligence ! Who first call'd forth  
 From warring Chaos this fair frame of things !  
 Who bade each part with animation glow ! 330  
 And what He will'd t' exist, in order due  
 Not of continued, but successive life  
 Will'd to preserve. Who taught the winged race

Among impervious shades with matchless skill  
 To form their nests, and guard their callow brood.  
 The Natives of the fields, and desert wilds,  
 A fit retreat to seek, the rocky cave,  
 Thicket, or mountain high. Who gives them all  
 A thousand wiles, a thousand stratagems  
 Of crafty policy, from hostile force 340  
 To save their Young; and to defend them, fill  
 E'en the most timid with impetuous strength,  
 And sense of prowess never felt before.  
 Instinct alone, their Tutorefs and Guide;  
 But Instinct, and superior Reason thine.

Thus while nine Moons have known increase and wane  
 Taught to proceed, the pleasing task of care  
 Is still unfinish'd, much remains unsung.  
 Now is the Season by experience deem'd  
 Most meet, an arduous duty to attempt. 350  
 Arduous to some; but not thee, whose mind  
 Reason enlightens with benignant ray,  
 Shewing the bounds 'twixt true parental love,

And



And its fond foolish mimic. Thou canst look  
 Beyond the present, no dull Slave of sense,  
 And for a lasting good, most willingly  
 Endure some transient pain. Thy Child long time  
 Fed by thy vital fluid, now requires  
 Dismission from the breast. Yet not at once,  
 As some have taught erroneous; such our frame 360  
 That every rash and sudden change may prove  
 The source of harm. More Wise and Cautious Thou  
 Break through the tye of Habit by degrees;  
 And e'er the stream maternal be refused,  
 His taste to different nutriment incline.

BESIDES the added food e'erwhile allow'd,  
 What diet do We grant? Some would defer  
 To years more vigorous all that Tyrant Man  
 The Universal Glutton, from the race  
 That grazes on the plain, or skims the flood, 370  
 Or cleaves with nimble wing the yielding air,  
 Culls for his use; and would not that the Child  
 Should taste of aught but what the fruitful earth

Plant, herb, or grain produces, with the stream  
 The lowing Kine afford. There are no doubt  
 Who to the latest stage of life arrive,  
 Thus always nourish'd. On the Shores of Ind  
 Checkt by religious fears, whole Tribes refuse  
 To bathe their hands in blood, lest thro' the wound  
 A kindred Soul should fly; yet some pass thro' 380  
 A century of years (so fame reports)  
 By sickness unsubdued. Where high ascend  
 Our Caledonian hills, the hardy North  
 A Gallant Offspring boasts, whom Fate denies  
 T' indulge in aught but vegetable meals.  
 Yet when their Country calls them forth to arms,  
 Waving her standard to their view, they rush  
 Impetuous forth, and terrible in war,  
 Dread as the Lion hurt, in every clime  
 They fight, they conquer, hearing but their name 390  
 The distant Foe grows pale. Yet prone to doubt,  
 'Tis not enough before the Sage to place  
 These seeming fair examples. He will judge  
 Not from a race of Men by Habit sway'd,

Harden'd

Harden'd by Custom, not from every rare  
 Occurrence of longevity; or those  
 The Minions of their Clan, who seek the fields  
 Where rages fell Bellona. He requires  
 A strict impartial list, to know if more  
 Thus educated, shun disease and death  
 E'er Custom's laws are fix'd, than those to whom  
 A diverse treatment is assign'd. And here  
 These distant facts still undetermined left,  
 Th' instructive Muse shall teach from what her eyes  
 Have clearly seen; though social, not inclined  
 To Luxury's various table, though humane,  
 No follower of the Samian Sect. Howe'er  
 The Infant form'd perhaps with stronger nerves,  
 Or of peculiar nature, may escape  
 The blasting hand of Sickness, nay may thrive  
 On vegetable fare, yet oft we view  
 Where Poverty more generous food denies,  
 Tottering Rachitis seize its helpless prey,  
 Or slow-consuming Tabes, or within  
 Th' intestinal tube the tortuous Worm



Finding a sure Asylum, multiplies  
 His noisome race. Hence the unwieldy Head,  
 Distended joints, limbs variously incurved.  
 Hence the sunk cheek, the hollow lifeless eye.  
 Hence loss of balmy sleep, and appetite, 420  
 Convulsive motions, agonizing spasms,  
 And symptoms which in order to arrange  
 The Coan Sage had fail'd. For spite of those  
 Who idly speculate, by fancy sway'd,  
 Or superstition, We assert that Man  
 Is form'd to mix his diet, plant, and seed,  
 And animal: this can th' Anatomist  
 With ease demonstrate, this to Reason's mind  
 Is clear'd from doubt. The crude or viscid juice  
 Which herb or root supplies, with toil perspired 430  
 Weakens the stomach, whose contraction fails  
 Not justly stimulated: while the skin  
 Its pores block'd up, or e'en its texture changed,  
 Is cover'd o'er with incrustations foul,  
 Scarcely, if ever, by th' absterfve wave  
 Of tepid bath removed. But if by fate

These

These viands are refused, condemn'd to taste  
 Nought but bird, fish, or beast, a putrid mass  
 Is gender'd, which pollutes the vital flood  
 And taints each humour, till the general frame 440  
 Dissolves as in a thaw. These truths regard;  
 By Nature heeded, when with care She form'd  
 The milk maternal; a peculiar Mixt,  
 Skilfully blended, by digestion due,  
 Or in its passage thro' the lacteal glands  
 Animalized, and render'd fit to tame  
 The ferment of acidity, to which  
 Childhood is prone. Whence We conclude, that now  
 When from the breast exiled, as far as Art  
 Her nicer laws can imitate, 'tis right 450  
 T' adapt its food, and mingle aliment  
 Of alkalescent fort, with that which else  
 Might to incorrigible acid turn.

THIS to prevent, perhaps the bounteous streams  
 Of Pales, from each wholesome plant which crowns  
 Th' irriguous mead secreted, tho' confess'd

Of virtues rare, and intermediate state  
 'Twixt animal and vegetable kind,  
 Will want sufficient power. We fear not then  
 To bid thee from the herd or flock derive 460  
 Part of thy Infant's sustenance; but not  
 With licence uncontroll'd. As yet the Spoon  
 Reject not, nor presume with solid meats  
 To satiate hunger, till the rising teeth  
 Spring from their latent seeds, and deck the mouth,  
 Two rows of purest white. The Fibres else  
 Close-woven, will not to digestion yield,  
 A harden'd, tough, indomitable mass:  
 Nor will the salivary Glands emit  
 Their needful liquid. Rather with the force 470  
 Of fire extract the fine nutritious juice,  
 Mixt with the virgin lymph; with this combine  
 The generous gifts of Ceres; and behold  
 The Dairy offers its meagreous store;  
 And Carolina sends her pearly grain.



RARE, and more rarely, now thy breast unveil,  
 Nor to a distant day protract the time  
 Of final separation; He requires  
 No farther aid of thine; thee other cares  
 Haply demand, thee other duties, go: 480  
 Thou wert not form'd for One alone, tho' dear;  
 Go bless thy Husband with a numerous race,  
 Beauteous like this, like this with health adorn'd.

How high the rank in life of Womankind!  
 Their station how important! Hapless He  
 Who lives unconscious of their worth! The Fool  
 Of grosser sense, or airy Libertine  
 Who draws his judgment from the forward few,  
 Or yielding weak, and dares with impious tongue  
 Pronounce them all the Slaves of Vanity, 490  
 By passion ever led, by Flattery won.  
 Their frame like ours, but with ethereal touch  
 More delicately limb'd. The same their souls,  
 More soft, more sensible, and more refined.  
 Each uncontaminated Briton owns

E

And

And feels their virtues. Polishers of life !  
 Sweeteners of savage care ! Who tune the breast  
 To harmony, or prompt to glorious deeds  
 And emulative toil. To Friendship's flame,  
 To gratitude, how exquisitely true ! 500  
 Who tender Confidence repay with love,  
 Integrity unshaken, faith most pure,  
 Warm, zealous loyalty. With honour clad,  
 As with a robe, and beauteous ornaments  
 Of unaffected modesty. Well-skill'd  
 To form the growing soul, and on its young  
 And opening bud to fix th' impresson deep  
 Of every generous thought, which stimulates  
 The future Man, to love of Parents, Friends,  
 Offspring, and sacred Freedom, while as yet 510  
 Corruption suffers, in Her favourite Isle  
 The Goddesses to reside. Far hence, away,  
 Ye groveling Sensualists, to Eastern climes !  
 Where Lust, and Barbarous Jealousy immure  
 The passive Slaves ! What joy can Beauty give,  
 When strays th' unfetter'd will ? Or when in calm,

And

And thinking hour, the Mind unsatisfied  
 Contemns the looser Objects of desire,  
 Pining for Sympathy? And feels a void,  
 Which roving Licence never can supply?  
 The wanton dance, the soft voluptuous strain  
 Sung to the melting viol, nought inspires,  
 But languor and disgust. Mistaken Men!  
 Who lose the better portion of their time,  
 The dear domestic hour; the converse bland,  
 Fruition of the Soul, Love's balmy zest  
 Which never cloy; parental cares conjoin'd;  
 Divided griefs; reciprocal delights;  
 The Life of Nature, Reason, Virtue, Bliss.

520

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



And thinking how the Maine universities  
Gave them the best of all the  
Fame for sympathy, And took a  
Which none I need say can fully  
The answer back the old religion  
Gave to the nation and sought  
But hapless and dying, Mankind  
We lost the best part of the  
The dear heroic hero, the  
Faction of the soul, I love a  
Which gave birth to the  
Divided grief, reciprocal  
The life of Nature, Reason, Virtue

END OF THE SECOND BOOK